

OCTOBER 1923

PRICE 35c.

BROADWAY & BREVITIES

SOCIETY GOSSIP




BERT LYTELL



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MARY NEWCOMB

Leading lady in "The Woman On the Jury" at Eltinge Theatre, who has marked her starring advent by a great hit.

BROADWAY BREVITIES

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A DUMB BELL

The dumb bells are always obliged to do something sensational to avoid being ignored, and it was no surprise to read about the champion of them all, Cardinal Peairs (alias Pierre) jumping off a steamboat in the North River.

* * *

The question is—Exactly why did Nellie Black swallow that lysol in the apartment of her old sweetie Eddie Fuller in the Majestic? And is it true that the missing "papers" returned at that time came through Nellie?

* * *

Why has Ziggy changed to a white collar? Is he coming out of mourning for Angie Duke?

* * *

Although the famous Gilda is away, Rendezvous patrons are delighted each midnight by her clever proxy, Miss Byron, in Gilda's own songs and dances of Hayti. Mrs. Hans Stengel, wife of the noted artist, also entertains.

* * *

Old friend Betty Brown, who conducts the Paroquette in the Village in winter months, spent part of her summer at Deauville. Betty has been successful as a hostess for some years, having so officiated in the grill of the Lorraine, at the Club Gallant (which takes its name from that rare bird Barney) and finally at the Paroquette. Betty's shy little speeches of introduction at this place are a study in maidenly self-effacement. But a nice girl and a great favorite now and always.

Why are the gold fish, parrot, dogs and monkeys in Florence Walton's apartment allowed to wander round together and play leapfrog on the rugs? And did the servants walk out on account of these zoo impersonations?

* * *

Why did "Bruz" Holmes think Polly Nally needed a dog?

? ? ?

When is the story of "Twenty-four Hours with a Follies Beauty" going to be published? Is Sherlock Holmes on the job?

? ? ?

The lyrics of "That Red Head Gal" seems to have struck home in a good many cases. Page Hal Van Rensselaer!

* * *

Under the management of the veteran entertainment-creator, Mark Luescher, the Hippodrome will open under the Keith banner, on or about Thanksgiving Day, when a policy of the most original vaudeville in the world will be inaugurated. And how could the tremendous venture fail with Mark Luescher in charge?

? ? ?

What big time actor is old Texie Guinan unduly interested in a financial way and is the thespian beginning to chafe under the load?

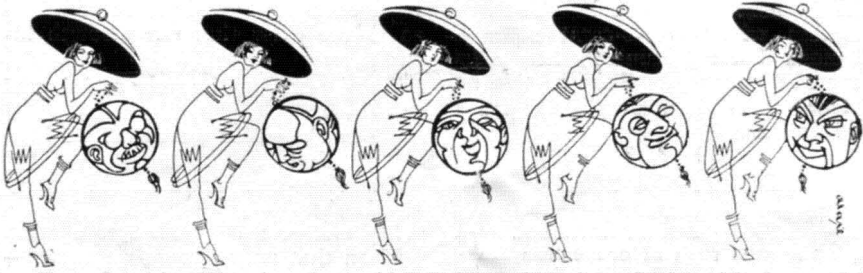
? ? ?

Could anything be more picturesque than to lamp Russie Colt and his sweet mamma, Jessie Reid, hanging on the feed bag in Childs' 59th bean foundry these nights? It seems just like Fairyland.



MARILYN MILLER

The unrivalled artiste, playing a return engagement in "Sally" at the New Amsterdam Theatre.



ANOTHER MASTERPIECE FROM GRIFFITH

"America" is the title selected for D. W. Griffith's Revolutionary film, which he is preparing to make at the suggestion of the Daughters of the American Revolution. This is the first instance where a film has been requested directly by a public organization.

The title was selected after a poll of six universities, six grade schools, six clubs, and six sporting places where slang is most prevalent, including a prize-fighter's camp, a race track, a pool room, a dance hall and a boy's play-ground.

More than ninety per cent. of the votes were for "America," with "The Spirit of Seventy-Six" a heavy second choice. Brevity, vividness and comprehension were the standards by which all the returns were judged.

* * *

The Tent, 52d and 7th Avenue has inaugurated the new season for *tea dansant* on Saturday, Sunday and holiday afternoons. Jack Shilkret, well-known orchestra maestro, dispenses the melody for the dancing.

* * *

New York's newest and most fashionable restaurant The Wigwam at 50th Street and 7th Avenue is now open. The decorations are in Pueblo Indian style and entirely original in all features. Dance symphonies conducted by Saronoff and his orchestra are entrancing to their patrons. Harry Richman, the performer with the million-dollar personality is most pleasing with his inimitable witticisms. Benny Leonard diligently performs his

duties as master of ceremonies. Altogether a very interesting place to spend an evening.

* * *

A new supper club known as Club Trocadero, is now in full splendor on 52d Street and Seventh Avenue. The decorations are adjudged to be the most beautiful of their kind in the city. Emil Coleman keeps the feet of the dancers flying with his entrancing strains and the capable and noted manager is Charlie Journal, formerly of the Montmartre, known to society patrons. Club Trocadero occupies a fashionable niche in the after supper club circles.

* * *

Florence Wallach of CENTURY COMEDIES has effected a tie-up with Maurice Abrahams by having the song hit, "That's My Baby" dedicated to Baby Peggy, the smallest star of the screen.

* * *

What was the sensational little "incident" relating to Evelyn Neville, treasurer of the Daintyform Company, which occurred at 255 West 72d Street? Wasn't it very thrilling? And how would the sweet readers like to hear all about it?

? ? ?

Who is the girl George N. Brown, the "walking" expert, is said to have married and then ditched shortly after?

? ? ?

Wasn't that funny to see Peg Hopkins come in with her gang into Evelyn Nesbit's supper club at Atlantic City, just as Evelyn began her song, "DIG A LITTLE DEEPER?" Coincidences WILL happen. Peg looked

like the headlight of the Empire State Express with her 40-carat solitaire diamond, but unfortunately her looks have said good-bye. She's as thin as a fence rail and rather pitifully faded and forlorn.

? ? ?

ABOUT JOE FEJER

Hungary has contributed more than its quota to the musical world and even with the mad rush of orchestras Hungary succeeds in holding her own. This is done by Joe Fejer and his famous Hungarian Orchestra. A really remarkable group of string instrument soloists with a note of distinctiveness added in the form of a zimbalist, an instrument uncommon in this country and seldom played here by a real musician. Mr. Fejer himself is a remarkable violinist and his associates have been selected so that the entire group are of the same calibre as their conductor. Mr. Fejer is a composer as well as a musician and in his program is included one number of his own. The orchestra has gained favor not only with the populace but has commanded respectful attention from music lovers and music critics. Mr. Fejer has an international reputation. In Budapest he is considered one of the outstanding figures in that city's musical life. He is rapidly becoming as great a favorite here.

* * *

A BASSO PROFANIS!

Little birdie comes in with its tiny wings fluttering. To recount the laughable tale of an Italian basso not long on these bone-dry shores. 'Tis a romantic tale, too, for it seems that Pasquale had visited our strand years before—to wit, as a babe in swaddles, when the ship on which he and his gentle *mere* were approaching the coast ran into an awful gale, went down, *ma mere* drowned—and little Pasquale miraculously washed ashore, whether with Pears soap the narrative sayeth not. Very well, on the basso's recent return, after an absence of yawhs and yawhs and with little or no knowledge of the American language, he conceived the idea of a special song in that tongue wherewith to please his audiences. So a skilled composer wrote a song, founded on the touching tragedy of his babyhood. When Pasquale

rendered it *basso robusto*, he wondered as to the titter that ran through his audience:

Long years ago, on your rock-bound coast

When the sullen waves dashed hard and fast,

Our ship went down in the watery depths

My mother and I lashed to a mast.

Upon that angry surge we tossed—

Alas! my dear mother I saw no more.

For the waters swallowed her beautiful form

While I was washed on the wreck-strewn shore.

Cho.

For a son of the beach am I,

My mother she in the depths doth lie

To come forth only at judgment's cry—

For a son of the beach am I.

THE BATTLES OF BORIS

If anyone ever seemed fated to knocks and bumps matrimonial and litigious it's your little playmate, Boris Thomashefsky, currently the protagonist of Jewish drama at the Nora Bayes. Boris' troubles go back a long way—away back to rather early days at the National Theatre on Second Avenue, when it was his reported habit to take sundry chickens of the ensemble out joyriding, while his dinner got cold at home. Boris' big hit at the National was in "The Green Millionaire," which we recall watching with S. Jay Kaufman in the days before Jay began to suffer from the deadly malady known as *Ditching old palsitis*, and fervid was our admiration of the marvelous impersonations of Signor Boris. Well, the plot began to get cruelly after that, with a cute little separation action, calling for \$20,000 Mrs. Boris said she lent Boris and also for the trifling honorarium of \$80,000 for her support for the ten long yawhs she and hubby had remained apart. Recently Mrs. B. gets in the spot again with the allegation that she was tricked into abandoning her civil actions by the promise from Boris that

she should have a stellar role in the new Broadway venture. But that's only half of Boris' worries. He has also been sued by Sigmund Zukerberg, husband of the "Yiddish Tetrizzini" for the tidy total of \$100,000 for alienating the diva's affections. Oh, it's one hell of a mess, and how Boris can maintain his *sang froid* is a puzzle.

* * *

Did Fannie Brice cut off her nose to spite her race?

THE BATTLE OF THE SALAMI

When two chorines pull a battle it's usually about some sugar pop or at least something of importance financially, so when you learn of a hairpulling match between two such little ladies over 10c. worth of salami you're naturally agitated. But, take it from us, Vera Colburn and Hazel Donnelly, current Broadway coryphees, got in a mix up because Vera thought Hazel ate more than her share of a ten cent order of salami. It was when the gals got outside the stage door that the offensive started. A pulsing cutie by the name of Alice White is also said to have a finger in the slam-i. Soon these girls will be scrapping over Spearmint or something.

* * *

We hear that Alex K. Hall is appearing in a new vode vehicle called "The Sap at the Stage Door," which we understand is a great success. Soon Mr. Hall will be seen in the Greater New York Keith houses.

* * *

Heard Lillian Bradley's exquisite soprano tones on the WHN radio the other evening. What a voice! Why Lillian is not using this voice on the big time is a mystery to us and her other admirers.

* * *

Bet you never noticed that Harold Lloyd always wears a glove on his right hand, or deftly conceals it in his work on the screen? For a good reason. Harold is said to have several fingers missing on his right hand.

* * *

On Fifth Avenue, not ten thousand miles from Thirty-fourth Street, is a

dealer in muffs, dolmans, neckpieces and other exquisite articles of furry apparel who is said to be pulling some brand new tricks on the unsophisticated females of the town. This one is known as the fur trick. Lady shoppers call at his store and are encouraged to take a fur coat, leaving a small deposit. Then the jolly proprietor makes a social call on them, and regardless of whether his social visit is the success intended, waits until the payments are due and then insists on the kale—or the coat back. About 90 per cent. of the time the garment comes back—to the prodigious astonishment of the ladies concerned. . . His most recent flier was to "back" a show in which he had a fur exhibit of a very sumptuous character. The producer of this show happens to have a noted aerial studio, and it is known that Mr. Fur Man has met on these dizzy heights almost every gazelle in the production. Who wouldn't want to be a furrier?

A NOSE THAT KNOWS!

What a time, what free advertising and what bushels of fun wrapped themselves around Fanny Brice's nose-fixing at Atlantic City! Fanny, Nicky and the two little Nickettes sojourned gorgeously at the Ritz. With her proboscis swathed in cotton, plasters, etc. Fanny was to be seen daily, no one knowing what her nose knew. Fanny said that she will spend the remainder of her days panning the Jews. And so many wheezes has she originated on the topic of her nasal operation that she expects to build up an entire vode act with them. Fannie forgets, however, that she still has some surgical work to do on her eyes, mouth, chin, neck, smile and—voice if she's really going to pull the Gentile stuff!

? ? ?

Did you know that Dorothy E. Terry, who recently got in a bad jam, is another of the ex-glorified? Dot had a thinking part in the 1919 spasm of the "Follies."

How does Enid — of the Scandals enjoy the adoring cavaliership of a former member of the German nobility? And is the royal gent's wife at present premier ballerina at the Berlin Opera House?

? ? ?

Congratulations for Peggy Madden, for a year or two dazzling satellite of the *Sunday American*, who went off to Chicago the first of the month to wed. The fortunate gentleman being Mr. McCarthy, big squeeze of the *Chicago Examiner*.

? ? ?

Muriel Hudson! What memories that name recalls of the old Midnight Frolic and Casino days. Of that fiery hair and those fat legs! Most of us had given Muriel up for lost. But she's not lost, for the first of the month found her playing in Philly in a show called "I'll Say She Does." And making good. Muriel was a hit in London (in 1912) as well as in Gin Gulch. One of Muriel's bosom pals for years has been May Wills, widow of the noted Nat, and they were seen together at a supper party recently in Philly. May, by the way, is understood to have entered solitary confinement with Billy Gould about a year ago, since which time it is said that many persons thought either May or Billy was brushing up for a tilt with Dempsey. This is rather regrettable in view of the fact that May's charming daughter, Natalie, is growing into wonderful womanhood, and should have an atmosphere fitted to the future no doubt in store for her.

* * *

Back from London hops Sidney Cohen, magnate of the flickers, and is seen along Bunk Ravine. But where is the lady fair once known as Mona Lisa, who was Sidney's constant sidekick? Some advertised gal, at one time, was Mona, but never more do we see her "pictures" in the papers.

* * *

Wonder why the Atlantic City visit of the late Dot king was never fully investigated? Boys, there was lots to that trip that would illumine the mystery.

What a wonderful couple are Mr and Mrs. Jimmie Barry! They have been married ever so long and appear as happy and devoted as in honeymoon days. Their friends simply adore them—and they stand as a living refutation and rebuke on the unhappy marriage stuff.

* * *

Jokin' aside, they do say that Tallul Bankhead has made the biggest kind of a hit in London, and actually is behaving herself. Tallul will be easily remembered as the most prominent of the Horsewomen of the Algonquin, for which association we understand that scores of membership applications are pouring in to the presiding secretary, Blythe Daly. As soon as the fall initiations take place they will be listed in this Palladium of Purity.

* * *

Rumor is rife that Jimmy Stillman is getting back to "normalcy" and will do the square thing in the way of a life annuity for Flo Leeds. Flo gave Jimmy the best years of her life, and also adumbrated several charming little copies of himself, and it would only seem right that she be well provided for by her erring Croesus.

* * *

The report persists that Peggy Hopkins is completely cleaned out of coin. And whether true or not that she had even to surrender her Louis XIV or Bauman XXIII bed, also that a firm on the Avnoo has a lien on some of the jewelry she wears. We wonder whether her pal, Irene Riccardi, would do anything to help Peg out?

* * *

Seen at the Four Hundred t'other night: Pedro Smith, the Broadway Sheik, Lonesome Wagner—and Sir Sidney Miles, the Canadian Sheik.

? ? ?

Who is the beautiful blonde heiress who is seen so often with Al Gardiner, the Hesitation Kid?

? ? ?

Those two clever kids, Ring Lardner and Rube Goldberg, spent their holidays by the salty brine and left the Walk happier and better for their having lived on it.



HOPE HAMPTON

Who has achieved an unprecedented success in her latest release, "The Gold Diggers," a notable Warner Brothers production. Miss Hampton is now accepted as a fixed star in the film firmament.

SCHNITZEL SAM ON THE PAN



SOONER or later the whole town will get onto Mr. Schnitzel Sam Shipman as a playwright. In the *Daily News* of Sept. 11 Mr. Burns Mantle assuredly got onto him. Mr. Mantle had the lugubrious duty of reviewing Schnitzel Sam's latest eructation, at the Hudson, known as "The Crooked Square." Mr. Mantle observes:

"'The Crooked Square' is mostly crooked and not at all square. It is, in fact, false from premise to conclusion. There is hardly a line in it that runs true. Every situation is crudely trumped up and all the characters are puppies of the theatre. . . . Only one scene should be taken seriously. That represents the discharge room of the Woman's State Reformatory. If Mr. Shipman has any authority for this scene the reformatory should be investigated. If he has none Mr. Shipman should be investigated."

That ought to hold Schnitzel Sam for a while, yet it is what every discerning critic of his plays knows well. He is the Harold Bell Wright of the drama. He is a leech on other men's brains—a playwright parasite. Writing usually with a collaborator, because he is too weak and futile to write alone, his first effort is to push the collaborator's name in the background and strut his stuff as the great contriver of the piece in view. This he did with John B. Hymer in "East is West" (the title of which he took without remuneration from the Editor of *BREVITIES*) and with "Friendly Enemies", into which his feeble two cents were dumped here and there as a foil for that finished artificer, Aaron Hoffman. But how anyway, could good luck attend Schnitzel Sam! Leeches find their appointed retribution. As a playwright he is dying, not fast but with deadly sureness.

Margie Whittington Chases Nickels!

To that obstreperous little jane, Margie Whittington, must be awarded the ink-spattered blotting pad for the latest and most original way of copping pin money. Margie believes that no guilty dollar should escape, and lives up to it. List to the tale, brothers. One night a youth who has known Marge for some years, and never did try to play a John role with her, arranged to come up to the flat and blow Marge and her side-kick, Helen Gates, to a wholesome meal. He had it sent in from across the street and it set h'im back exactly six bucks and the tip. However, when the waiter brought in the tray he requested, after a somewhat furtive conversation with Marge in another room, that the caller deposit ten dollars for the dishes. This was done, leaving our young hero probably \$1.75 in his Monroes. All well and good. Marge breezed off to join the other kale manipulators at the "Follies," telling the youth she would meet him later. Next night he called up and asked about the ten dollars deposit on the crockery, Marge said it had been given to the maid, who had gone and spent it and not to be such a cheap skate. At present writing the youth is minus the ten and there seems little chance of ever getting it back. When the "Follies" dames go out after small change like this, times must certainly be tough.

? ? ?

Is it o.k. that the favorite expression of Aileen Bernard, Broadway's niftiest dressed girl and an ornament of the Colony Club is: "I won't hurt you, I'll keel you."

? ? ?

Who's going to make a directory of the Broadway U-boat boys?

? ? ?

Listen! How are the gears on Luella Gear's new car?

? ? ?

The dead chicken served in mine host Statler's Pennsy isn't an eyelash on the live chicken that the old golf expert sometimes gathers round him on the Roof! Some picker, gurgle we.

? ? ?

Is Karl Kitchen soft on Ganna Walska? Now that Harold is said to have handed the near-beer diva the air, we suppose old Karl wants to put in his two cents. However, age is always honorable.



THE WIGWAM

7th AVENUE AT 50th STREET

SERVICE A LA CARTE

HARRY RICHMAN

IN INIMITABLE DROLLERIES

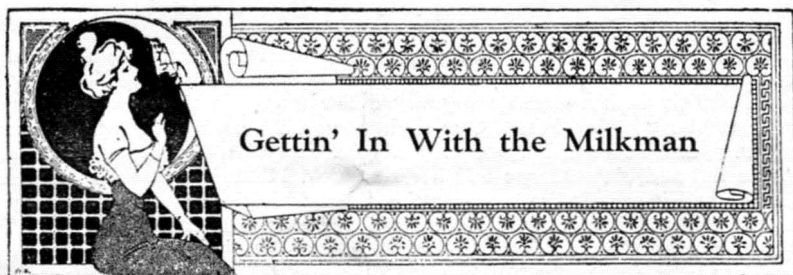
BENNY LEONARD

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Saronoff's Symphony Orchestra

TABLE RESERVATIONS

CIRCLE 5525



Is it true that Loretta Duffy, who helped to shoot movie school Kramer into the brig, has a favorite saying: "I love platonic friendships but it's too warm for that."

? ? ?

What about the Winter Garden moll, Betty Benton, doing VERY high kicks in a west 50th apartment?

? ? ?

Can't keep the spot off Christine, who is said to have got the fur dolman from Lee. Christine was at a party in the west eighties t'other night, but left at four a.m. only to pop in on Herbert G— at 90th and B'way. After five weeks on the outs it was rather late in the morning to make up.

? ? ?

Is it true that Millie Walker, sister of Juanita Walker, Felix Isman's moll, goes round peddling ribbons and carbons in different offices and does she ever make pleasant acquaintances that way? At Long Beach, in her open work bathing suit last summer, Millie certainly was some advertiser.

? ? ?

Could it possibly be credited that Betty M— (real handle Meyers) former playmate of Diamond Jim, was nabbed in a raid on West 69th Street recently and passed over the name of Maxwell? And is she now hobnobbing with B. I. Campe, a society bimbo, who's back of B.V.D.'s?

? ? ?

Did Betty Durant (better known as "Chicago") give a "demonstration" in a West 60th Street apartment, showing how she used to wrestle Virgy Thorne? And does Virgy buy her clothes?

? ? ?

Lookit! That boy Ralph Farnum has just brought to the attention of the Keith office another "discovery" of his, to wit, Mr. Ed Lowry. Lowry was immediately signed for two years on the big time, and since has proved such a hit he was held over for a second week at the Palace, New York. . . . No way of stopping this boy agent, Ralph!

? ? ?

Getting down to cases, let's ask who's got the biggest head in the "Vanities" chorus? Chorus answers, "Polly Lux," who loves to talk of the millionaires she corrals and ritz the other janes. But the best Poll has shown so far is a gent named Bert Cooper, said to be almost totally unfamiliar with the clink of coin. Poll quit the "Vanities" two weeks ago to enter the Beauty Contest at Atlantic City, but was razzed to a fadeout. Then she entered the MINER-ALAVA contest, which she won triumphantly. We might add she was the only entrant.

? ? ?

Is it true one of the males in the cast of Mrs. Fiske's show is a graduate of London's Fairyland?



**LEON
ERROL**

in "Sally"
at the
New Am-
sterdam
Theatre



Praise of
whose
abilities
as a
laugh-
maker
would
be super-
fluous



Cruisin' With The U—Boat Gang!

Cute little story of wife and hubby, who made an agreement that every time they kissed hub would drop a quarter or half dollar in a little savings bank. One day hub looked in the bank and found lots of one and five dollar bills. Greatly agitated he rushed to wife. "Tell me how come these one and five dollar bills?" Said she: "They're not all such pikers as you are, old dear."

* * *

Now listen boys, what about the hard-boiled Johnny Dooley and Connie Madison? Wouldn't Johnny and Yvette like to hurry along the divorce so they could hike their separate ways. Yvette, by the way, is looking washed out. As for Johnny, he never did look good.

* * *

Zowie! but there must have been a hot time at Grace Fisher's one night recently. The tenants in the building got all huffed up about it, per a conversation we sniggled in on.

* * *

Not that it could affect the rates on oil but what about the little bare-legged Kathlene Mahoney who was glorified only two short weeks in the "Follies," then kicked the traces and made a hasty and rather sensational exit from the New Amsterdam Theatre. What's the explanation? Maybe too much "glorification" to suit the rest of the Adding Machines!

* * *

Listen! What was the crack Maggie Whittington made to a gal friend of hers in the Adlon lift? Was it some advice about being careful of the tenants of the building that they didn't go down and up too much—or something like that? We never heard of anyone being advised to be careful of elevators, for that is what they are for, to go down and up.

? ? ?

D'd Lillian Lorraine's hair turn gray, and if so, what was the cause—her illness or Lloyd Wagner? Or is she wearing a wig?

? ? ?

What was it Vera King of the Winter Garden presented to all the different members of the cast? Is Vera pulling a Santa Claus?

? ? ?

What's all this about little Joyce Fair? Lead of "The Gingham Girl." Did she meet her rival Billie Ritt at a certain gent's house and mix it all up with her?

? ? ?

Why does Phyllis spit in her sweetie's face?

? ? ?

It looks as though "Grassy" of Canada Dry fame is to duplicate his success with his new enterprise, Silver King Mineral Water.

? ? ?

Why did the girl in the lively party leaving the Royalton exclaim, "Get a taxi and let's all go up to Perkins'?"

? ? ?

Why did Richard Carle say, when leaving the radio room one night: "What a dumb-bell she is!"

Who was it said that "Marriage is a state of suppressed desperation"?
? ? ?

HAVE YOU MET THE WOODEN SHOE SISTERS?

"Wooden shoe help me out with the rent, dearie?"
"Wooden shoe put me in right with Ziggy?"
"Wooden shoe send up a coupla cases for me and Pearl?"
"Wooden shoe take me to Chicago on your trip?"
"Wooden shoe give me the lead in yer new picture?"
? ? ?

Is George White busy these days calling on three or four of his ex-choristers in the different hospitals? How do you *diagnose* this attention, anyway?

? ? ?

To sell per day 2,000 cases of ginger ale is some accomplishment, and you don't wonder that, after that triumph, the well-known "Grassy" stood out as the one man to promote to a similar success that wonderful new mineral water known in all homes, and clubs and restaurants today as "Silver King Sparkling Mineral Water." It was a clever move to buy out the spring at Waukesha, Wis. (whence comes another water) put it up in 1000% better looking package and sell way under the price of the rival product. Silver King Sparkling Mineral Water is now known as the aristocrat of its kind, and aristocrats drink it. Speaking for ourselves, we think a man who could put this water to the front as "Grassy" has ought to be able to put out Ford cars 50% cheaper than Henry does himself. Our congrats!

? ? ?

WATERED STOCK?

Nibbs—"I can give you a tip on some stock!"
Tibbs—"On the curb or in the cellar?"

LIQUID AIR!

Draughts in the cellar are no longer to be sneezed at!

Break any engagement to visit

Cinderella Dancing

Broadway at 48th Street

The Ball Room Superb Two Famous Orchestras

Arthur Lang and his Cameo Orchestra

Gene Fosdick and his Hoosiers Orchestra

Under the personal direction of Mr. JACK FIEGEL, formerly of the
Blue Bird

MEET SWEET LITTLE ELSIE AGAIN!



LSIE FERGUSON, on whose career we were privileged to cast the spotlight in a former issue, jumps under the Cooper-Hewitts once again. Th's up-stage blonde, whose career ties at one end with the Stanford White days and at the other with an invidiously attained divorce, has never acted in a manner to entitle her to journalistic *savoir faire*. Years ago—twenty to be exact—Elsie was far from up-stage—didn't mind, in fact, the business of posing, undraped and scantily clad, for divers photographers in particular Herr Davis, of Davis & Sanford on the Avnoo. No, siree! Elsie was far from ritzy in them dear, old dead days. And not too conceited to wear some dresses bought expressly for her by the famous *roue* of the Madison Garden Tower. And NEVER up-stage when so-journed in that cosey little cottage at Sheepshead Bay, under rather, ahem! interesting conditions. 'Member that cute lil cottage, Elsie? No? Yes? We thought you would! But yawhs later, when success had gone to the head of this daughter of the Scandinavian peninsula, Elsie did not even remember or recognize her next-door neighbors at Sheepshead, even though one of them happened to make a hit in one of her plays only four years ago. Th's particular neighbor is a mighty clever character actor, and he carelessly dropped a remark or two about the old Sheepshead days to Elsie (then grown a fat, Sweedish gal) and—wow! What happened? Mr. Actor got h's NOTICE. Sore was he—and justly so—he had meant no harm; 'twas just a bit of harmlessly-meant reminiscence, but Elsie was furious, and besought Mr. Klaw to can Mr. Actor then and there. But Mr. Actor got thoroughly peeved, and refused to accept his "notice." And further threatened to fill Mr. Klaw's auditory apparatus with still further reminiscences of good old Sheepshead. Whereupon Elsie withdrew her request, swallowed her rage—and Mr. Actor stayed with the show.

Elsie is funny. Once ambition began to consume her she refused to be seen publicly with any cavalier. Never would she go out stepping with even Howard L—. And although Howard had all her time for about two years, Elsie succeeded in keeping her *affaires du coeur* hid from prying eyes. You've got to hand it to the gal.

By the way, when Elsie had a lowly job away back in 1902 (as a chorus moll in "The Wild Rose") how she could cuss! And what a temper! No other of the girls would share a dressing room with her, for this and another reason. It was in those humble days that *pere* Clark came into Elsie's life. At that time Clark *fil's*—whom she later married—was but a school-boy. And one of the funniest paradoxes in all Elsie's paradoxical career was her intermittent appearances before literary (?) societies and women's clubs, who insisted on taking her with perfect gravity. In fact, how Elsie has gotten away with the whole biz is one of the wonders of our exasperating century. But the climax was fittingly reached when, after the little schoolboy had grown to man's estate, dear old papa Clark—of the "Wild, Wild Rose" days—stepped blithely into the picture and gave them both his blessing! !! That knocks out even such a stony-hearted gazette *d'amour* as our own B.B.!

CLIFFORD, LUTHER & CO. DISSOLVE!

The old-established firm of Clifford, Luther & Co. has been dissolved. The firm did a lively business for several years, Ann, the female partner, having figured in a number of very sensational deals, and Jack, the male member, being more or less known to fame and the Adirondacks as the husband of Evelyn Nesbit, his association with whom conferred upon him practically all the distinction he ever did or could enjoy. Jack was, in the old days, the bouncer at Sweeney's, 31st Street and 6th Avenue, a notorious resort, which gained prominence and a few broken heads by its careless habit of serving club soda in champagne bottles on one side of the table and the real stuff on the other. To get back to our muttons, the Clifford-Luther firm finally went up in **smoke**, Anne reported to have been down to her last kopeck, her only available resource at the time of dissolution being the fillings in her teeth. But Anne is a girl of infinite versatility. And upon the breaking up of the old house, what business connection do you think she immediately succeeded in making? By all the hams in Reuben's none other than your old fricassee, Jazzbo Ed Gallagher, hero of the battle of Marino Bay. And it was only about two weeks ago that Ned and the now somewhat *passee* Ann spent a happy week-end at Atlantic City, whereat Ned draped upon the now crinkled shoulders and fingers of the ex-movie queen as dazzling a collection of jewels as e'er the sun shone on. Anne has come back with bells, and the laundry in which she had selected a job has been forced to take someone in her place.

There are numerous wise men along this grand and glorious street, but who of them is wise enough to tell us just exactly what it was that Moravia Balfour said to Billy West in Atlantic City when the aforementioned Billy tried to do a disappearing act without forking over the necessary pecuniary data?
? ? ?

Eleanor Dana has been seen about town with Harry Davis of late. Such being the case, maybe Barbara and Herbert could get together of their own account, and then join the others. Wouldn't that be a merry party? Oh, my.
? ? ?

Why must we never mention the name of Goldwyn to the adorable Galena Kopernak? And we might, by the way, insinuate that "Four In Hand" was not so much out of the way as a vehicle for Galena.



HARRY CARROLL

Now Playing Keith Circuit

IN MY NEW REVUE

FOR 1923-4



Why Is Dot King's Murderer Allowed to Go Unapprehended?

No more striking story has appeared in a newspaper than the resume printed of the Dot King murder, in the *Daily News*. So significant was the final installment that we venture to clip it for the edification of those of our readers who may have missed the story:

Though Guimares apparently soon forgot Dorothy King, the girl's love for him never faltered during her lifetime. Because of him she cast off her friend Hilda Ferguson, the petite and beautiful chorus girl who shared her apartment until two weeks before Dorothy's death.

Early last March Dorothy made a mysterious visit to Atlantic City, registering alone at the Ritz Carlton Hotel. The fact that she went alone is only one of the unexplained details of her life. She was not accustomed to going anywhere alone. She hated to be alone.

Dorothy left Hilda Ferguson in sole possession of her apartment.

During Dorothy's absence in Atlantic City Hilda entertained frequently. Some of the women who attended the gay parties in Dorothy's apartment were disliked by Dorothy. Others were unknown to her. One of the guests, Gladys Lloyd, was loaned Dorothy's dress. Hilda did not think that Dorothy would object.

Infuriated by Taunt

When Dorothy returned and learned of the lending of her dress, however, she became furious. She bitterly upbraided Hilda.

Hilda, furious at Dorothy's attack, flung a last taunt accusing Dorothy of having a "half-breed lover."

Dorothy resented the insult to Guimares even more than she had the epithets the chorus girl had applied to herself. She ordered Hilda from the apartment.

We might say that the identity of the murderer of Dot King is little of a secret to certain New Yorkers thoroughly booked on the facts of the tragedy. That the murderer will ever face a jury on the charge is improbable. Great moneyed and social interests could not tolerate the damning searchlight that such a course would turn on the pitiful affair. So Lady Justice picks up her skirt carefully and with eyes averted passes silently on.

• • •



JULIA SANDERSON

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ZELLA RAMBEAU

Orchestra De Luxe

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SIX BEAUTIFUL HOSTESSES

A Rumor For What It's Worth

An amazing story—call it a rumor if you will—comes to us in connection with the apparently baffling Dot King tragedy. It is that it was never John Kearsley Mitchell who figured with Dot, as exploited in acres of front pages, but his revered and venerable 65 years father-in-law, E. T. Stotesbury, Mitchell being the mysterious "Mr. Wilson," the "Lawyer" convoy who got so much additional limelight in the case. And if this rumor be true—and we give it for what it is worth—and in detail advisedly much more meagre than lies in our possession—who is there could not fully comprehend the self-sacrificing and heroic act of the gentleman hitherto regarded as the corpus delicti of this colossal *cause celebre*?

Incidentally no one seems to know that Guimares once occupied, for a brief while, an apartment at 201 West 54, at which time he accidentally met in the elevator, Dot King, flirted with her and started on the first lap of the tragic partnership.

* * *

HOPING THESE LINES WILL FIND HER WELL!

Perkins: "You can read that woman like a book."

Mrs. Perkins: "Yes, her face is covered with lines!"

ETHICS IN THE EATERY

Angry Patron: "See here, waiter, this steak is tough as hell!"

Haughty waiter: "Sir, I'll have you know we're not responsible for the morals of our food!"

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VAUDEVILLE & PHOTOPLAYS

PROGRAMMES CHANGED MONDAY AND THURSDAY

Gosh! But Prince Ghosha Played Two Dumb Doras to a Fare-you-well!

The Son of the Ganges Hooked Mrs. B—— and Then Relayed the Kale to Irene!



Now, dearest readers, primp yourselves for a tale of near-beer, phony royalty, love, neglect, undertakers, hall-bedrooms, *intrigantes*, cuckolds, cremation and a lot of other backwash.

In the foreground we see the human step-ladder, Irene Marcellus, then and now—and probably for all coming time—one of the stage props of that malefic institution known as the Ziegfeld "Follies." The institution that has turned out so much hot stuff in the past three years it has obligingly, although unknowingly, sent up the circulation of this hearthstone companion so high that the newsdealers at 50th Street all have articular rheumatism from supplying copies to the eager populace.

Getting back to our pork-chops we observe, slightly in the offing, a commanding even though spurious personality. 'Tis that of Prince Ghosha, whose ashes even now repose in the vaults of mankind's champion ghoul, Frank E. Campbell. But two months ago you read in these pulsating pages that Prince Ghosha's ashes had been claimed by sundry females, at the head of which list stood the name of Irene Marcellus—and it was our duty at the time to comment that behind this amazing announcement must surely reside a tale well worth a three-line head and then some. And we were right—and the Lord has directed the whole shooting match our way.

It was all of six years ago that Broadway was invaded by a gent bearing the title of Prince Ghosha, claiming to be of the bluest blood in all the Ganges land. As a matter of cold fact he arrived in America via the s'eerage—from Calcutta. He hadn't a thin dime, but he had bushels of crust and colossal allotments of nerve. Immediately after his arrival he began to appear at the dif-

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AFTERNOONS FROM 3.30 TO 6 P. M.

Dance Compelling Music by

JACK SHILKRET and his famous TENT BAND



BARON de MEYER REVIEWS THE PARIS
FALL OPENINGS in the OCTOBER

The Newest
Fashions—
The Smartest
Fashions

Harper's Bazar
50c

Now on Sale
at All
First-Class Hotels
and Newsstands

ferent studios, banquets and social affairs bedecked in the native garb of India, getting knock-downs to such gents as Howard Chandler Christy, etc. and impressing all with his magnificence of attire and manner.

It was at one of these intimate affairs he met Irene Marcellus, with whom he professed to become desperately infatuated, and for hours together the Prince would sit in Irene's home, telling her of his palaces—or whatever they call them there—in India, and of his retinue and his early eligibility to the throne of the Moslems. With her mumma he ardently pleaded to let him take Irene back to the home of the jinkshas and Danny Deever, saying that he would groom her for the job by study under the best teachers of France and would make her a world figure.

Meanwhile Prince's funds were executing a disturbing diminuendo, so much so he had to give up his apartment on Park Avenue and shoot it for a little hall bedroom, fourth floor back, in a 23d Street tenement! But God is good, even to phony princes, and at this hideous juncture he made the acquaintance of a certain Mrs. B—— a very well-known and wealthy society lady, resident not a hundred leagues from Lexington and 66th Street. Mrs. B——, a lady of mature years, fell for the prince like a ton of coal, and at different periods thereafter bestowed upon him heavy amounts of kale. Now, this kale he would dole out very generously to Irene, finally sending her to the Coast, but the sad part of the tale is that, having once planted Irene by the Golden Gate he hung up on her and she was left stranded and flat.

It seems that the prince's rich patroness, Mrs. B—— knew little of Irene at any stage of the proceedings. But it is only fair to princie to state that, on the best authority, he did really care for his "Follies" protegee, who fell in love with him head over heels.

You will now ask what about old Mr. B——! Well, the old gent never did seem to bother his little head much one way or the other as to his wife's social divagations and diversions. He just sat back and let her indulge herself to her heart's content, and it is of record—indeed the lady related it herself—that her life consort loved to have princie come to their home in the evenings, have dinner, and regale them with stirring tales of lion-hunting in Africa and bull-throwing in America. The prince was, indeed, often induced to put up with them for the night, and they both put up with him. But remember, kind perusers that the princie had the lady's heart in his keeping from the very start.

Well, even the most intriguing stories must come to an end—so one fine day what does princie do but ups and dies from pneumonia? And it is at this point enters the sinister figure of old man Campbell, the Bill Sykes of undertaking. Princie called for Mrs. B—— when he saw the well-known Grim Reaper appearing and she was by his bedside when he died. To Mrs. B—— he entrusted the care of all his papers and important effects. Then he executed a nose-dive, turned round and left all his scarlet, flowing robes, his fezzes and other trappings and adornments to—now you damn well know who? Why to sweet Irene, who still treasures them with tears and sighs uncontrollable. And Irene claims to this day that she alone had his love.

Princie's dying wish was that his body be cremated, the ashes taken to India and scattered on the sacred waters of the Ganges. Mrs. B—— promised the dying Indian that his wishes would be fulfilled, and almost before he was cold his cadaver was yanked up to Frank Campbell's. At the "services" in this frightful spot Irene was NOT present, although Mrs. B—— was. And at Campbell's still lie the ashes, to be taken, per Mrs. B——, to India this very year. But although not present at the "services" Irene—who is insanely jealous of Mrs. B—— put in her claim to the estate and tried to secure control of the dust.

An interesting aftermath of the yarn is that, last year, when Mrs. B—— was in England, she met the dead princie's brother. She addressed him at the Hotel Savoy in London, and when she landed found out he was a **porter in the hotel!!** The brother revealed to the ~~dying~~ lady that the "Prince" was not a real prince at all, but an impostor of the first stripe. Old man B——, on hearing this, threw sixteen cat fits, but allows that the prince was "a nice boy." Such is the power of personality even when allied to the rankest hoking. Now, Mrs. B—— is "all by herself," probably thinking of the many sweet afternoons she had while hubby was hard at work in the office, and as for Irene, she guards with an undying fondness the memory of her dead Indian, while her mumma laughs softly and doesn't really know what the hell it was all about, anyway. Incidentally, Irene now lives at 145 East 92d in the most squalid surroundings and on her face, as she performs her automatic marches with the "Follies" ensemble, is a look compounded of affection, grief and unutterable guesswork. Why she needs to do so much guessing no one can understand.

* * *

What clever little boy or gal can tell us the name of the famous actress who saw Carl Winston with another sweetie and did nothing more nor less than say, "One question, Carl—how do you do it?"

? ? ?

It has just been brought to our attention that Seymour Robinson has left the movies cold. We wonder if a certain little damsel with the surname of Hazel had anything to do with the big boy's sudden exodus? And, not that it will provoke another earthquake, but we are also moved to wonder whether or not Hazel would like very much to know where her hero is located at present?



JOE FEJER

*With his famous Hungarian orchestra, playing Keith
vaudeville.*

Nice Kid! This Vic Sutherland



Now we come, me hearties, to the rather unpleasant topic of Mr. Victor Sutherland. Our first glimpse of Victor was obtained at the weird Green Room Club one night in 1917 or 1918 when a farewell dinner was tendered to himself and to Sir S. Jay Kaufman on the supposition that they were about to depart for the blood-stained fields of France. There was about as much chance of a cat growing two tails as of this particular itinerary being consummated, but the farewell dinner nevertheless took place with all due pomp and circumstance, and red-haired Vic and temperamental Jay delivered speeches somewhat in the grand manner adopted by Anthony over the cadaver of Caesar. So far, so good. Jay never got a chance to pull his silk regimentals out of moth-balls and Vic disappeared soon thereafter into the limbo reserved for near-beer heroes. Years have already rolled between that posterous night and our present year of Volstead, 1923, and it is very natural that Vic should again bob in the limelight. Very well, this is how Vic does the trick. Vic is a nuptial gent, his very sweet wife being Fay Cusick. Two years ago Fay had the hard luck to undergo a very serious operation. Afterwards they had articles of separation drawn, whereupon the poor little wife broke down and went through another cruel operation. She was taken for this to O'Brien's Private Hospital. Just before the operation a wire was sent to that sweet Vic stating the desperation of his wife's condition and that \$50 per week was urgent for 10 weeks if she was to make her convalescence. Otherwise the charity ward would be her lot. Did sweet little Vic send a favorable reply? We'll say he did not—instead he wired that she had no right to bother him but could fall back on her mother for the necessary funds. As sweet little Vic well knew, his wife's mother is in the most needy circumstances, hardly able to provide for the day that is passing over her. Now what do you think of the sweet Vic? Incidentally Vic is leading man in Alice Brady's company, playing the sticks. Fay Cusick was once leading lady in "Three Wise Fools."

* * *

WHAT SOME MARRIED MEN DO!

After long deliberation, above is the title we selected for a story (necessarily anonymous but perfectly clear to the parties concerned) about a well-known Broadway married gent who invited to his domicile a fair lady. On the evening of her call the place was raided. For other guests he furnished bail, but ignored the fair lady who—as the real hunch goes—had been invited for certain sinister purposes. So the fair lady—described to the sergeant as "a common prostitute"—was lodged in a dungeon cell, and therein would have remained but for the lucky chance that a **gentleman** of her acquaintance, of moderate means, got busy and pawned his rings and bailed her out. When the low cur of the first part reads this item he will moralize on two subjects—our kindness in withholding his name and the difference between curs and real men.

Few Know That BREVITIES Ridiculed Hey Into Haircuts!

N. Y. WORLD, SEPT. 4, 1923

From Hey Brown's Column

Every now and again some reader writes in to say, "I know you are a large, lumbering man with shaggy, unkempt hair." Not a bit of it. That might have been a moderately accurate portrait at one time but we have drawn it all over. Since those days we have grown quite thin. We grew tired of being told that we looked like Chesterton because the knowledge that we couldn't live up to it made us so acutely uncomfortable.

* * *

Say, what's all this concerning a bright youth named Berkeley C. S—— whose extraction is personally vouched for as English, but who is said to have just a tiny dash of Spanish lavender and plain Semitic added? The boys used to admire Berkeley the way he cavaliered it in the smart cafes, often in the company of a gypsy-tressed little doll with a pair of most beguiling orbs. Now he travels alone, and although seen on the Avnoo of afternoons, is reported—rightly or wrongly—to have lost even a bowing acquaintance with that important article known as Mazuma. Oh, well, boys will be boys—and insist on forgetting about the rainy day.

? ? ?

Is it true that the help-meet of manager Frank Case, of the Algonquin, formerly decorated the "housekeeper" role in that rather terrifying hostelry?

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CLEO & MARINELLI

In Famous "Midnight Revue"

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BILLY MARION, *Hostess*

181 Sullivan Street

Call Spring 4242

Maxine Arden is being seen about quite a bit with Sir John Kovary. We do hope that Maxine never stutters when she mentions John's name to anyone.

2 ? ?

Upon our souls! Bet you never knew that Hollywood has a rival Horsewoman organization known as "The Flaming Arrows"? Please page Jeanne Eagels, Eileen P. Mullan, Blythe Daly, etc., etc.

MARK STRAND

ANATIONAL INSTITUTION
B'WAY & 47th St. Direction JOS. PLUNKETT

PROPER PRESENTATION OF THE PHOTO-
PLAY ART—BALLET and SOLOISTS

Strand Symphony Orchestra
CARL EDOUARDE, Conductor

LILLIAN RUSSELL'S IMMORTAL RETORT

A little story, connected with the late Lillian Russell, America's greatest beauty of all time, comes to our ears and it is a classic. Lillian, a few years before her lamented death, was playing in Cleveland, wherein functions a certain newspaper critic widely known for his decided "homo" tendencies. He had roasted Miss Russell's work unmercifully, but one day had the effrontery to call up her apartment, stating that he wanted an interview. Dorothy Russell, her daughter, asked him to hold the phone while she transmitted the request to her mother. Coming back to the phone she said: "My mother wishes me to say that she gives interview only to men."

* * *

There's a little gal by the name of Polly Day, of the last Music Box production, to whom we briefly referred to in our last issue, who seems entitled to a place in the particular spotlight reserved for philandering cuties. Polly's especial distinction is that she is a much-married cutie, having a perfectly good husband situate, resident and being in Harrisburg, Pa., Gayle Burlingame by name.

Indeed Polly's short but spectacular career among the bright lights might well lead one to believe that some new sort of glorifying process is in force at the Music Box. For Polly has been playing sweeties with a lavish, if not discreet, hand. Among the gentlemen on her staff who have ignored the early closing regulations we find, shining with dazzling brilliance, Stanley W. Pannfield, described as a Britisher, young and dapper, and one J. W. Martin, reported to be an elderly Manhattan broker. The exhibits in the case tend to establish the supremacy of Signor Martin in the general siege laid to Polly's affections, whatever that may import.

This Is A Cordial Invitation

from Dr. Francesco X. Sauchelli, Chiropractor and Health Specialist of 10 years' successful practice, to call at his office to consult with him.

The Doctor will be glad to make a thorough Chiropractic Health Analysis covering every phase of your physical condition, and to fully advise you about your own individual health problem—WITHOUT COST TO YOU.

Dr. Sauchelli is Official Chiropractor for the ACTORS EQUITY ASSOCIATION, and is personally endorsed by Mr. Henry Chesterfield, for the NATIONAL VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS, Inc.

The members of the theatrical profession are always welcome to Dr. Sauchelli's services. He is particularly interested in promoting the welfare of the actor.

In order that the greatest number may benefit by Dr. Sauchelli's work and experience, he has established a course rate for members of the profession, or their friends, averaging as low as \$2.50 per visit, in accordance with the needs of the individual case.

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DELIGHTFUL AUTUMN DAYS AT THE RITZ, ATLANTIC CITY



GUSTAVE TOTT
Manager RITZ-CARLTON Hotel, Atlantic City

WHEN you visit the wide-famed RITZ-CARLTON Hotel at Atlantic City, one of the chain of palatial inns greeting the traveler in most of the important cities of the globe, you may or may not encounter the personality of the man who has done so much to bring to minute perfection the functioning of the great Boardwalk institution.

It is but fair that you should have an introduction—at least by photograph—and without Mr. Gustave Tott's knowledge we have secured his picture and print it here. Among other reasons as a slight token of appreciation of the dignified courtesies the Editor of BREVITIES has received on the different occasions he has visited the Atlantic City RITZ. It is no more than others say—except it appears in the printed word.

What we believe you ought to particularize is the pleasure of the RITZ in the autumn and winter months. Atlantic City is fascinating in these seasons and the situation of the RITZ at the Chelsea end of the Boardwalk, with the absolute quiet included, gives one every ounce of enjoyment obtainable.

We do not suppose we need say much of the cuisine at this wonderful hotel. It may be fully described by saying, "Up to the RITZ world standard." The funniest thing of all, however, is that the RITZ rates—which you might justly expect to be above those of other Atlantic City hostelries—are even lower by comparison.

Mr. Albert Kellar, Manager of the New York RITZ, is also Managing Director of the Atlantic City RITZ. What an able lieutenant has Mr. Kellar in Mr. Gustave Tott.

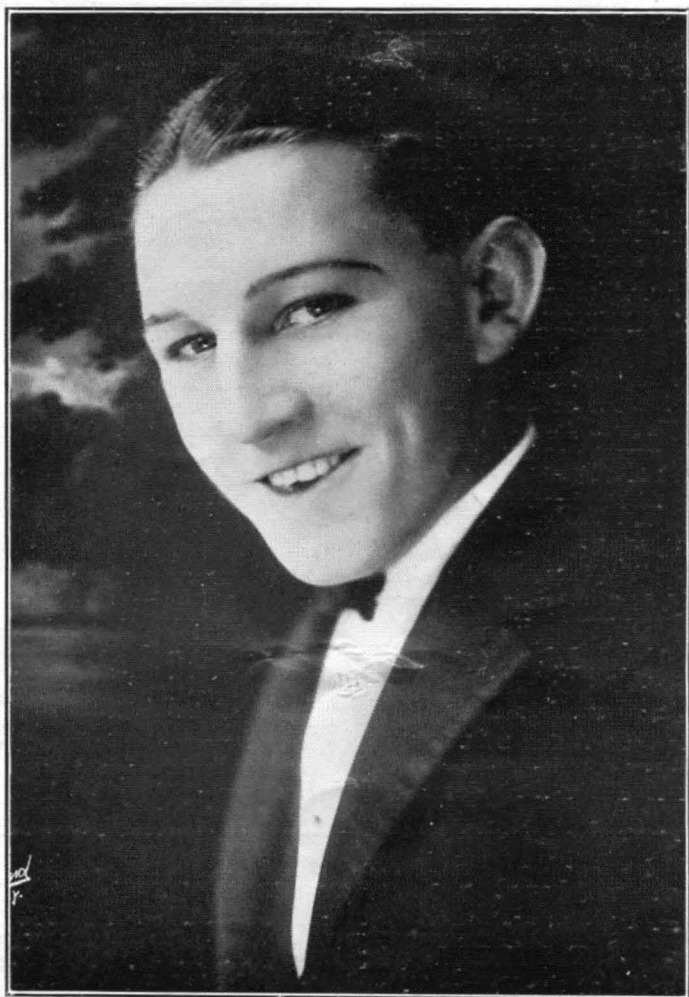
We can't mention any names, but a certain well-known Broadwayite pulled the prize wise crack of the year when he solemnly stated that "Fannie Brice had cut off her nose to spite her race."

? ? ?

What does Wally Kane think of Joe Vance's attentions to a certain other dancing individual?

? ? ?

Can it be possible that Mina Dignum actually fell for Johnny Lowe? And will you please tell us what good it did her? Or, for that matter any other member of the unfair sex?



JACK SMITH

A western boy whose remarkable baritone voice and engaging personality help to crowd nightly Jimmy Kelly's in the Village.

All About Jimmie Breese and Old Stanford White Days

Interesting Reminiscence Packed With Thrills, Shivers and Pep

But you've got to come to BREVITIES to get the thrilling background stuff always inseparable from such scandals. "Jimmie Breese" as he has long been known to the Broadway chickens, has cut a lot of hay in his time. He is quite an ancient daddy at this writing but could give you a lot of information that you'd love to hear. Jimmie was, as a matter of fact, the bosom pal of Stanford White and was always prominent in the parties tendered in the "Tower" by that celebrated *bon vivant* and ankle inspector of a past epoch. And equally his pals were the group of gay dogs surrounding White, a group suddenly scattered and terrified by the white and blinding glare of publicity precipitated by the Thaw case. Jimmie, by the way, was "one of those present" at the famous "girl in the pie" dinner given by White. At this dinner a huge pie was served, through the crust of which appeared a completely nude gazelle. It is interesting to mention that the name of Evelyn N. has been used so many times by different publications as "the girl in the pie" that BREVITIES takes this opportunity to contradict the statement. The "pie" dinner was

given several years before Evelyn ever saw New York, and the "pie" girl, as a matter of fact, was a little model from Brooklyn, "discovered"—to her undoing—by White himself. Who secreted her in a gigantic pie, with twenty-four birds. When the pie was brought to table the girl broke through the crust—naked—and out flew the frightened birds. The party, a stag, was voted a huge success, but it crept into the newspapers and was thoroughly aired in the *Evening World* and *Evening Journal*. All the celebrants were high in social and financial circles and there was hell to pay.

Peculiarly enough, the "pie girl" (not yet 17) died under mysterious circumstances a short time after the dinner—and was buried in Potter's Field. Could irony go farther?

Dread and hideous fright then raged in the Stanford White circles. There are many who, to this day, aver that the killing of Stanford White was retribution—yet that H. Thaw was not exactly the sort of person to figure as an instrument of blind justice, as his own hands and life were far from clean.

ON OUR COVER

this month you plainly see that famous star of the screen and stage, BERT LYTELL, who is making his debut in Keith vaudeville at the **Palace** Theatre for a short run on that great circuit. He appears through the courtesy of Cosmopolitan Pictures, after finishing two notable productions, viz., "The Eternal City" and "The Meanest Man in the World" soon to be released. Everyone recalls Mr. Lytell's masterly impersonation of Beauty Steel in "The Right of Way." Mr. Lytell has distinguished himself in every medium of public entertainment.

But let's get back to "Jimmie" Breese! Whose recent publicity brings the pie dinner and the old mad days again to mind. Years ago, at Southampton, L. I., "Jimmie" is said to have taken a young gal out buggy-riding. He drove her way out among the daisy fields, and then the fun began. But the young thing, realizing that she had a tough job on hand, set her quick wits to working and this is what happened. She was a great admirer of flowers, and said "O.K. Jimmie, if you'll pick me a pretty bouquet." With alacrity "Jimmy" agreed, and went into a field to pick the pretty blossoms. The young lady jumped in the buggy, turned the horse's head homeward and drove like mad! Leaving "Jimmie" with his bouquet and his long walk home.

Every young and pretty chorine in New York knew "Jimmie"—in fact still does—though this gay old dog must now be close to 90.

Few of the famous 1900-1910 coterie remain. With the passing of Peter Cooper Hewitt, another member of New York's Golden Age gang left forever. How Broadway has changed since those dead days of the S.W. crowd and girls like Daisy Green, Frances Belmont Donnelly (who married Lord Ashburton), Mabel Carrier (who married Daniel G. Reid), Lotta Faust (long since dead, her end one of the mysteries of the time), Evelyn Nesbit (still very much alive) and—lest we forget—little Elsie Ferguson, who entered solitary confinement with the son of old Tom Clarke, himself another of the S.W. coterie, and once, humorously enough, cavalier to Elsie! As BREVITIES recently related, Broadway threw seven fits when Elsie finally married young Tom. It was much too much—and naturally could not endure, as the Paris divorce of a few months ago attested in putting an end to that most weird of unions.



LEO CHALZEL



Playing the juvenile
in Enid Markey's,
Keith Circuit act,
"Here Goes the Bride."
A young man with a
big future.



JEANETTE
HACKETT
AND
HARRY
DELMAR

PRESENT

THEIR FOURTH ANNUAL
DANCING REVUE

"DANCE MADNESS"

NOW PLAYING THE
KEITH THEATRES

DIRECTION OF
RALPH G. FARNUM
Edwin Keller Office

**HATTIE INVENTS "ROYAL
BEAVER"**

What's this? What's this? A correspondent addresses our Moll's Mentor as follows: "I heard 'old Harriette Underhill' as you call her, self-styled critic of the *Tribune*, telling her companion at the P—— the other day about a new game she had invented. 'It's something like the English BEAVER' gurgled Hattie, 'only you play it with fairies instead of beards. Every time you see one of the gentry you cry 'BEAVER,' and it counts ten. If you spot a Yiddish fairy, you say 'ROYAL BEAVER' and you get twenty.' . . . Harriette ought always to win at this game for she knows all about Fairyland and its denizens. Yes sir, Harriette cert knows a lot of 'em."

* * *

You can bet brother Lionel and his newest wife—to whom being a wife is anything but new—gave David the Good

lots of cause to add "not a certainty" when announcing, in his timid way, their appearance at the foots. For 'tis said there was "a darn good reason" for the jaunt to Rome. For if Irene's reported olfactory lesion continues, no one knows what might happen, and you must remember that br'er Lionel is a faithful follower in his brother's well-worn tracks. And if Lionel grows any thinner (which goes for Irene too), they can be starred only as a brace of skeletons. How'd a spirit materialization act do?

* * *

Evan Burrowes Fontaine, who long since slipped off the front heads, played a return date in Atlantic City—we mean *two* return dates. One date was professional, the other was—well, Evan says that's her own affair. Meanwhile baby grows bigger and more beautiful each day, and if *resemblance* counts for anything there's a lot of embarrassment still coming the way of a certain young blue-blooded gent.

THE FRIARS TO THE RESCUE

It seems the messy old Friars Club is trying to do its bit in helping out the needy chorus maidens. In other words one of its members, a gent sporting the initials of A. J. L.—is reported to have generously befriended a poverty-stricken chorister in Earl Carroll's "Vanities," her condition having been brought to his attention by a thoughtful friend. The cowed philanthropist at once sought out the busted chicken at the stage door, and slipped her \$20.00 as the initial kick-in of an agreed weekly honorarium. But something must have happened, for 'tis said that that was the first and last contribution and they do not speak now as they pass by. What could have happened, do you think, to dynamite the generous impulses of A. J. L.

? ? ?

WE MUST HAVE OUR LITTLE JOKE, GLADYS!

Well, of all the things that could happen! Gladys Cooper (alias Gladys

Montgomery) is back. Back from Europe, looking, as a cute little note on Hotel Astor stationery informs us, "more wonderful than ever." As we don't know how Gladys looked previously, of course we can't pass on this. Well, to resume. While on the other side, it seems Glad was "entertained royally by royalty." Princess Marie of Greece being the host in question. Nothing is said as to whether Glad met up with King Alfonso or His Royal Soup Tureen, Prince Ibrahim.

? ? ?

Isn't it exhilarating to hear those two theatrical anesthetics, Fania Marinoff and Dagmar Godowsky, in off moments lapse into their primordial Yiddish tongue? Sounds something like a blizzard in Minsk.

? ? ?

Is Doris Sheerin lookin' round these nights?

? ? ?

Is't true Mrs. Geo. Gould is going to marry George, Jr., her stepson?



ROME & DUNN



Vocalists extraordinary,
playing Keith Vaudeville





STELLA MAYHEW



Headlining the Loew
Circuit



Direction
the Yates
Office

That charming star of the screen, Barbara La Marr, has returned from Rome where she completed her great picture, "The Eternal City," soon to be released. She has been signed with Associated Pictures Corporation by Mr. Arthur Sawyer, President, to be starred in their attractions.

? ? ?

Donald Brian will play the leading male role in "The Courtesan" opposite Alice Delysia, the celebrated actress.

* * *

In spite of the great care exercised by BREVITIES, an item will now and again slip in doing, to our sincere regret, a grave injustice. This was the case in our last issue with regard to Hazel Jennings, the sixteen years prize beauty of the aggregation, whom to know is to respect and admire. Hazel went to Boston with the "Follies" but will be back to join the new show and is, we learn, to have a specialty and a distinctive place worthy of her unusual charm and her delicious youth.

EILEEN MUST BE REIN- STATED!

On her own solemn repudiation we took little Eileen P. Mullan, assistant editress of a trade sheet at 621 Broadway, out of the ill-fated roster of the Algonquin Horsewomen. But no sooner had our issue begun to circulate among its fifty or sixty thousand readers than loud howls of protest came in on our phone that we had no right to accept Eileen's contradiction—that she is really and truly the founder of the Horsewomen, and has been continuously and diligently in full function in that organization in restraint of domestic integrity. So we must bow to the universal chorus—and regretfully put little Eileen back where she was before.

? ? ?

Could Helen Jackson, now playing with Dannie Frohman, by any chance be a protegee of Harrison Grey Fiske? Does Mrs. F. also take an interest in her?

? ? ?

Why did Miss S— now playing in a Broadway show, give her maid the ozone? And who's sugar daddy?

THE PERFECT KITCHEN OF A DINING BEEHIVE

The hundreds who gather, night and day at Billy La Hiff's wonderful restaurant, THE TAVERN, on West Forty-eighth Street, and marvel as to how and why Billy serves such large orders of delicious food would be interested if they could see the kitchen underneath, extending the entire length of the cafe. Billy took us down (by request) one evening and we found a real "Spotless Town" and many things to admire. He has a complete ice-making plant, massive refrigerators of the latest pattern, apparatus of all kinds for hygienic purposes and every cooking device known to the culinary art. Nearly fifty kitchen employees move about noiselessly at their different tasks. Above them is the endless stream of guests, enjoying Billy's table, and numbering at one time or

another all the well-known lights of stage, screen and the various professions. If you wonder why we like to tell about Billy in each issue, we may say it's because the happiest moments of our dining existence are spent beneath the TAVERN roof.

? ? ?

About a year ago a story was handed this publication concerning Ernest Hussar, musical leader at the McAlpin Hotel. The story had to do with Hussar's sudden disappearance, and our informant stated that along with him went about \$2,400, representing unpaid salaries of the orchestra boys. A singer—first name said to be Betty—at that time in the hotel was also mentioned. There was no prosecution so far as we could learn, the sweet McAlpin maintaining a reticence as deep and dark as a Bronx still. But now comes the report that Ernest Hussar suicided a month or so ago in a Berlin hotel!



ED LOWRY

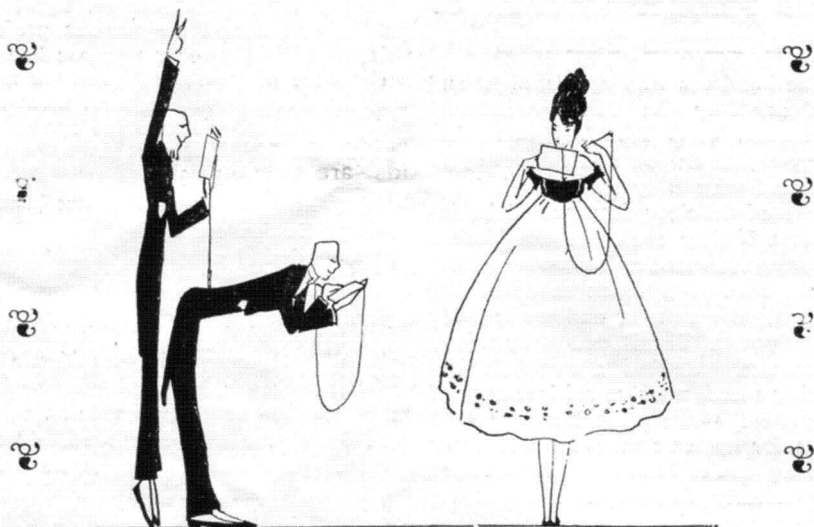
SIGNED FOR TWO YEARS
WITH B. F. KEITH OFFICE



RECENTLY HELD OVER FOR
TWO WEEKS AT THE
PALACE THEATRE
NEW YORK



DIRECTION
RALPH G. FARNUM
Edwin S. Keller Office



The Mirrors of Mayfair

DAVID, the good Duke of Northesk and his new-made bride, Jessica Brown, once a high-kicker of the Broadway ensemble, have suffered the fate, common alike to peasants and to kings, of demotion from the purple calcium of the front pages. They are heard of no more. But interesting bits of gossip continue to filter through the sticky loam of Gin Gulch regarding the pair. For instance it is authoritatively stated that Jessica was down to her last nickel at that critical time when the consummation of the nuptials was in doubt, but studiously concealed it from his Ludship. Eking out her existence with loans, large and small, from old friends.

* * *

Another thrill is that his Ludship has unintermittingly taken Jessica's word for it that she is under twenty-five. Those in the know, however, are well aware that Jessica will never see 29 again, some stating that she has passed her thirty-first milestone. One of the worst things about Jessica is the way she has pulled the old ritz stuff on pals of her former humble, oh, very humble, days. All Jessica ever was was a hooper, and not an extraordinary one at that, possessing neither the agility nor the magnetism necessary to the triumphs of such danseuse as Dorothy Dickson and Bessie McCoy. In fact Jessica spent some of her daylight hours in posing for hats and other like servile duties. The little beauty that she had has also become but a memory.

Grows steadily the gossip that young Prince George, youngest son of England's king, may marry Grace Vanderbilt, youngest daughter of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt of New York. The Vanderbilts are living in London, spending considerable time with the royal family, and the rumor is built on the solidest possible foundation. It would be an ideal match, for the "kids" are said to be infatuated with each other on grounds entirely independent of coronets, cabbages and kings.

* * *

You'd never associate a rheumatism liniment or a cough syrup with a great social fortune, yet the truth is that Mrs. Frederick Pearson, a Newport power, owes her magnificent villa and her smart-dom triumphs to powders and pills. For, before her marriage to Frederick Pearson, she was plain Lesley J. Ayer. And you all remember how Ayer's remedies used to relieve both your corns and your tummyache. But what does it matter! The Vanderbilt and other fortunes had their origin in cigar-making and fur-peddling. The lowly degrees by which the social potentates mounted to their diadems have nothing to do today with either oil or coupons.

* * *

Not by the wildest journalistic conjecture could Sir Jules Glaenger, social footman of the Cartier firm, be adjudged to belong on this Mayfair page. But as we observe that that revered, even if somewhat shopworn, society diary *Town Topics* grants him a corner in its upper crust department we do not feel we are entirely violating the proprieties in again admitting Jules to our own Valhalla. Sir Jules has often been a bad boy. 'Twas Sir Jules—as so often bore-somely recounted herein—who committed mayhem upon the amorous preserves of that bright young intellectual, Prince Artie Swanstrom. For this indignity Sir Jules earned a full retribution, and it might fairly be said that account was completely squared up.

* * *

We are now favored with sundry glimpses in the domestic chronology of Sir Jules. Jules married the rich Edith Adams, by whom he was divorced (Jules is always getting the air!) the lady thereafter marrying J. Robertson Duff, president of the Butler Hard Rubber Company. The lady had exchanged solid ivory for rubber. Since that time Sir Jules, heart and fancy loose, has occupied his spare time, on behalf of his diamond foundry, with promoting and stage-managing receptions to visting European dignitaries, aim and object of which weird diversion always is, of course, to accelerate the movement of trinkets across the Cartier showcase.

Mirrors of Mayfair (Cont'd)

Much comment was heard at Newport, during the horse show there in the tail end of the season, as to the reported discord in the lute of the Reggie Vanderbilts. It was widely whispered that Reggie is "through." No one would gather the least wonder from this rumor proving true. His flirtations are said to be brazenly open. What is more, the new lady, never a patrician type, is said to have gone off wofully in looks, due in some degree no doubt to her severe illness (which was enclosed in mystery) and doubtless more so to the amorous eccentricities of her liege lord. Incidentally, the horse show denizens were immensely mystified by the erupted state of Reggie's puffy face. It was covered with blotches. Has Reggie got in with the wrong bootlegger—or what?

* * *

Bedecked in ermine, in the Vanderbilt box, and generally dressed up like a fire-engine, was Mrs. Koch, wife of the now celebrated Bronx department store owner who figured with his frau at Reggie's wedding. Bells on her fingers, pearls on her ears—and possibly rings on her toes—this good lady could be seen and heard over the fences and the neighing of the vociferous steeds. This bargain counter pair can certainly thank Reggie for the fierce limelight which now beats upon them, but the perfume of the notions aisle hangs round them still.

* * *

Is it true that Vincent Astor used to buy his lipsticks in Chinatown?

* * *

Comment also was heard at the Newport equine meet as to the peculiar circumstance of Robert Wilson Goelet coming back from Europe without his fair consort. This gloriously beautiful one was formerly the Princess Riabouchinsky, and is an Italian girl of fine family. In 1922 her sumptuous loveliness was the sensation of Newport. It is recalled that Goelet married her greatly against the wishes of his mother, a patrician of pronounced type and prejudices. Goelet's sister is, as most know, the Princess of Roxburghe. Robert Wilson Goelet's cousin, Robert Walton Goelet, happens, by the way, to be the owner of the building in which this is written.

Speaking of Fairyland as touchin' on and appertainin' to the 59th street link of the buckwheat chain, when are the local constabulary going to confer a little attention on the rouged youths who have made this place a laughing stock in the past six months?

* * *

Why is the Pennsy Hotel called "The Saturday Night Brides Paradise"?

? ? ?

Is it true that BREVITIES caused Hay Broun to get a tonsorial clean-up?

? ? ?

Nellie Revell, named by BREVITIES, "the world's heroine" is out of St. Vincent's—where she lay prone for four years—at last. In the ides of September, she was moved to the Somerset Hotel, and all her friends accept the change of venue as a happy omen of convalescence. By the way, Nellie's book, "Right Off The Chest" must be due any day now. Four months ago we sent her the first *cash* subscription she got on the volume, and we hope to send her many more. We've got a little niche in that book ourselves, and so are already immortal.

The composers of "Yes, We Have No Bananas" have become rich. Their first royalty split on this meaningless ditty was \$60,000. O. O. McIntyre writes of "Tin Pan Alley" --- America's song gold mine.

In OCTOBER

Cosmopolitan

at all news stands

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Steamer Baskets prepared
from the rarest blooms

The Story of Teddy Gerard and Geo. Bronson Howard—Teddy in London



WE left Teddy, in our September opus, with London all played dry for her, what with Gaby, and then with Alice Delysia absorbing all the attention of the music halls, wherein Ted had formerly encountered little or no opposition.

Soon Miss Gerard turned her face towards the land of the spree and the home of the shave. With a suddenly lit desire to appear on the screen—that haven of adolescence and senility. Teddy nosed about London a bit and contrived to meet a local screen director, then vamped him for a “picture test.”

Now that lil gal has had lots of tough luck but probably nothing ever will equal her London “picture test.” It was awful, and had anyone in Ameriky ever seen it Ted never could have kidded one of her compatriots into more than a job as a three dollar extra. For Ted, at this tearful juncture, was 'way past “tests” both screen and chemical. You must always remember that Ted bade good-bye to 35 some yawhs ago.

Well, she swore the London picture man to eternal secrecy and silence, packed her “Innovation” and set sail o'er the deep, emerald sea.

After “several” weeks spent in N'Yawk trying to persuade that Admirable Crichton of the nude, Lee Shubert, to embark her at the top of a Winter Garden revue, Ted finally landed a job in the Mid-night “Frolic.” Ziggy, bless his little soul, gave it to her because of bygone days, as Flo once on a time had a lot of Teddy's company. And Zig was probably sincerely sorry for Ted, busted and John-less in a great city. But—Hevings! When Ted appeared on the Roof, exposing her pedal fixtures amidst the shapely understandings of the other beautiful cash-extractors—well, you probably were there, loving reader, so write your own ticket on it! If Flo has one aptitude it is certainly that of picking gorgeously-legged dolls, and what a nice reflection on his fame were Teddy's pipe-stem underpinnings!

And Teddy's voice! It was thinner than her legs. Listen, we bear no malice against the gal, but history must preserve its integrity, and fax are fax, and Ted's short stay on the Roof she must remember as the worst frost of her life. She lasted two weeks. Flo's compelled to respect his box office.

What to do! In a huff Teddy sailed back to London, only to

meet with another professional failure. She tried pictures once again. But to no avail.

We're forgetting her amatory escapades in all these weeks. On her trip to New York, after her first screen test in London, Teddy met on the ship a gent by the name of—well, we won't say. But he was kind to Ted, and was a gentleman every foot of the way.

Despairingly Ted once more sailed to America. This time she was given a role in a Shubert creation called "Bal Tabarin," which opened in Atlantic City in the early part of this season. This time Teddy had the nerve to take off her stockings, shave her legs and appear without any covering from mid-thigh down. The audience stood for no stockings—but balked at no flesh.

Now, on the occasion of all these interminable visits, Teddy lived in an apartment on Washington Square, South. In this place Teddy's "jools"—holy mackerel but what a time that girl has had with "jools"—disappeared. They were mysteriously returned. In the interludes Teddy experienced an affair of the heart with one, Eugene Strong, who squired her about Broadway for several months. All the while, however, Teddy is said to have remained faithful to the little God of the Lamp—and her obsession for sliced oranges remained undiminished.

(Concluded in November Issue)



CAPITOL

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The superior in pictures in conjunction with the
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Mlle. Gambarelli, Ballerina

Doris Niles and Thalia Lanou.

Soloists

Presentations by **S.L. ROTHAFEL**



The Back-Scratchers

Funny that no one has reminisced—during all of Irene Castle's domestic publicity rot—concerning the time that the late Mayor Mitchel had an awful case on Irene. What inseparable pals they once were, appearing together at many public functions, theatres, etc. In fact the air got so thick after a while that the buddies had to put the dimmers on. But through it all what a unique example Irene has been of the well-known "brains in the feet" personality—a silly butterfly, never really popular with the public and probably never achieving the tiniest bit of real happiness. A typical product of our imbecile age of jazz!

* * *

Is it true that "Our Mary" has for many years nurtured a secret admiration for that unrivalled ass, Charlie Chaplin?

* * *

You don't hear much of brother Syd. Syd used to live at the Claridge with his blonde wife, who is considerably removed from being an oil painting, and 'tis rumored that during this period those in adjacent cells used to be kept awake "far into the night" by the heated discussion of the pair. Mrs. Syd seemed to spend most of her time at the Little Club, where we saw

her on many occasions in the exact center of a gay party. Minus Syd—oh, of course.

* * *

Is Childs at 59th Street now known as "The Home of the Fairies"?

* * *

CAUGHT FROM THE NEXT TABLE—"You know you can't trust Gladys after she gets three drinks!"

* * *

We know a doctor who is, so to say, very im-patient.

* * *

Miss Edna Leedom has signed a personal contract for two years with Florenz Ziegfeld, and is slated to appear in the new Follies. What a wonderful jump to fame has this nice girl, Edna, made in the past year!

* * *

Shiver our timbers but fate makes strange bedfellows. You recall the Thorne case—Virginia Thorne of Chi and her erring hubby who made the wild chase on Mary Lygo, the bathroom mortician. Well, what do you know about it but Virgy and Mary have joined forces, are the best of pals and are right in our midst at this moment. Wouldn't that put a crimp in your dress shirt?



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Models for Fashion Shows
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1658 Broadway

Happy Hunches For Social Saps

WHAT TO DO IF HER HUSBAND COMES HOME UNEXPECTEDLY—No social puzzle has probably ever assumed the importance of this one. It all depends on conditions. If you learned in advance that hubby owned a pistol permit, you might lounge over to Campbell's some afternoon and ask what he's got to offer in cut-price funerals. This will save your nearest relatives a lot of fussing, and probably be money in their pockets. However, if friend hub isn't a shooting man, you can probably tender a satisfactory explanation. You could say, for instance, that the thought of his poor wee wifie all alone so worked on your mind that you just had to run over and console her a bit. While this conversation is proceeding you will, of course, keep your eye on the exits and run, not walk, to same should he exhibit a belligerent attitude.

Naturally if wifey is good and solid for you she will pull the indignation stuff. ("The very idea, Jack, of your daring to asperse my character in this manner. You brute, what do you take me for—and why insult this gentleman?"). Nine times out of ten, if wifey is up to standard on this talk, she'll get you off, and hubby will end by begging your pardon and inviting you to a sip of his Pol Roget, 1891. After that, why of course you can mooch around any old time, for you're set. You may end, in fact, by making him so thoroughly ashamed of himself he'll ask you to take wifey off for a week-end at her mumma's in Philly.

THE PROPER ETIQUETTE ON TAKING YOUR LADY FRIEND FOR A BUS RIDE—If it's raining and your umbrella is at McAleenan's, you'd better sit below. However, if the weather's fine you can take a taxi to Washington Square, thus ensuring your getting a seat on the roof. If you're thinking of getting the gal a job with Ziegfeld let her walk up the stairs first, which will enable you to pass on her qualifications for the job. Once planted, and you find that the smallest change you have is a twenty-dollar bill, make some light, merry remark to the conductor such as "You know the change would do me good" to cover his embarrassment at having to spend an hour digging your refund. Now you are all set and ready for some grand old two hundred blocks of necking. Watch for holes in the street, or you may loosen the gal's bridgework. Be a gentleman if you can, but doubtless she will stand for almost anything, having proved that when she consented to take the trip.

HOW TO LEAVE A ROOM—This question has agitated the social arbiters for centuries. They are now unanimous in declaring that, unless the windows are locked, any one of the various doors furnishes graceful means of exit.

Can the report be true that the elusive Wilda Bennett has reorganized with that magnate of the bargain counter, Barney Goo—we mean Gimbel? It was Wilda, you recall, who appeared in the blood-curdling melodrama, "Prince Ibrahim and The Phony Lavalliere," but on referring to a 1922 back issue of this Y. W. C. A. Bulletin, we found to our surprise that Barney was in the limelight with Wilda all of a year ago—to be exact, while her languid contours adorned the Music Box. All we can say is, that if we had our choice we'd pick a department store man any time before a musty old Egyptian Prince, and Wilda's hunch is to be commended, though on the best authority it was the Prince who delivered the ozone.

* * *

FLORENCE REED'S name in electric lights over a theatre always spells a hit, and it's the same pleasant story again in the lines waiting at the Knickerbocker Theatre box office, where her new production "The Lullaby" opened two weeks ago.

* * *

Harry Fender, who has sung his way into popularity in "Adrienne" at the Cohan, is reported as a new recruit of the silent drama. All we can say is that the stage's loss will be the movies' gain.

* * *

Greenwich Village's newest restaurant is MILL CAPRICE at 47 West 3d Street, under management of Jean Lanzi and Al Siegel, the latter being the noted pianist. There are numerous entertainers. Al's orchestra keeps the merry dancers busy. An interesting place for after the theatre dining.

Irvin S. Cobb's "The Silent Partner" is an amusing story of two temperamental Broadway stars and their manager, who thinks a vaudeville team of dancing Jew boys would go big as "Rosencrantz" and "Guildenstern" in Hamlet.

In OCTOBER

Cosmopolitan

at all news stands

Among the brilliant entertainers at Evelyn Nesbit's *El Prinkipo* at Atlantic City are those whirlwind dancers John Loacker and Mary Jennings.

* * *

A BOOST FOR YOU, EDDIE!

GILDA GRAY has gone away for a while with the touring "Follies" but

The Minerva Restaurant

Bids thee welcome to

The Best of Food—Home Cooked

at

60 West 45th Street, New York City

Luncheon 60c

Dinner \$1.00

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even that does not stop the beautifully re-decorated RENDEVOUS (in which dinner is now served) from being packed every night. By the way, genial Eddie Sheehan, who runs the place so efficiently, is understood to have been the originating genius of the new decorations, now the talk of Broadway.

WE HEAR

that Corinne Griffith's next picture will bear the title, "Black Oxen" now being filmed on the Coast.—That Tom Patricola is still tyin' 'em in knots at the *Globe*.—That Anita Stewart, the charming star, will soon be seen in Cosmo's latest, "Cain and Mabel."—That Sylvia Field's name may next appear in incandescents. * * *

That boy, Jimmy Kelly, ought to find smiling easy these days. His "Allegría" in the Village is breaking all records, and his wonderful cabaret being on a standard of amazing artistic excellence. No more delightful place to take your wife or sweetheart of an evening exists in New York. * * *

It's a far cry from Paris Fashions back to the Stone Age—from scented cigarette, "bubble water," and mad motor rides to being cast naked on inaccessible land in the far North, where no man had ever been. But it's exciting to see this very modern Eve, and rather unfriendly Adam, build for themselves a civilization from stones. "Empty Hands," Arthur Stringer's new novel, begins in October Harper's Bazaar. * * *

We wonder just whom Irvin S. Cobb had in mind when he told the story of the theatrical producer who wanted to put on Hamlet because he knew a couple

of dancing Jew boys who would go big as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. He and his two temperamental leading ladies are a riot in Cobb's hilarious stage story, "The Silent Partner," in October *Cosmopolitan*.

* * *

25 West 57

Editor of BREVITIES

Dear Steve:

Say, did you, as a patriotic American, not feel a little indignant at reading about Leonora Hughes landing in this country with ten trunks of Paris clothes? For years I have preached that American costumers are second to none in the world. And I recall that this same Leonora Hughes appeared in "Good Morning, Dearie" all season wearing an ermine coat borrowed from one of our leading New York tailors! This is the girl who brings in the "ten trunks!"

I say, American clothes for American women, for in fabric, style and needlework America leads the world. I am testifying to my belief by opening in Paris a fashion salon to sell American garments to French women.

Won't you tell your great array of lady readers in New York that I consider my 1923 fall originations the most original and fetching I have ever devised, and that a visit and inspection will be a revelation to them?

Sincerely,

MICHAEL WORTZMAN.

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